

See, and then speake your selues : awake, awake,

*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*

Ring the Alarum Bell : Murther, and Treason,  
*Banquo*, and *Donalbaine* : *Malcolme* awake,  
 Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,  
 And looke on Death it selfe : vp, vp, and see  
 The great Doomes Image : *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,  
 As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,  
 To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

*Bell rings. Enter Lady.*

*Lady*. What's the Businesse?  
 That such a hideous Trumpet calls to patley  
 The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

*Macd.* O gentle Lady,  
 'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake :  
 The repetition in a Womans eare,  
 Would murther as it fell.

*Enter Banquo.*

O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, Our Royall Master's murther'd.

*Lady*. Woe, alas :

What, in our House?

*Ban.* Too cruell, any where.

Deare *Duff*, I prythee contradict thy selfe,

And say, it is not so.

*Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.*

*Macb.* Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,  
 I had liu'd a blessed time : for from this instant,  
 There's nothing serious in Mortalitie :  
 All is but Toyes : Renowne and Grace is dead,  
 The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees  
 Is left this Vault, to brag of.

*Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.*

*Donal.* What is amisse?

*Macb.* You are, and does not know't :  
 The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood  
 Is stoppt, the very Source of it is stoppt.

*Macd.* Your Royall Father's murther'd.

*Mal.* Oh, by whom?

*Lenox.* Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't :  
 Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,  
 So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found  
 Vpon their Pillows : they star'd, and were distracted,  
 No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,  
 That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,  
 Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man :  
 Th'expedition of my violent Loue  
 Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,  
 His Silver skinn'd, lac'd with his Golden Blood,  
 And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,  
 For Ruines wastfull entrance : there the Murtherers,  
 Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers  
 Vnmannerly breech'd with gore : who could reframe,  
 That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,  
 Courage, to make's loue knowne?

*Lady.* Helpe me hence, hoa.

*Macd.* Looke to the Lady.

*Mal.* Why doe we hold our tongues,  
 That most may clayme this argument for ours?

*Donal.* What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,

May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,  
 Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong Sorrow

Vpon the foot of Motion.

*Banq.* Looke to the Lady :

And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,  
 That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,  
 And question this most bloody piece of worke,  
 To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs :  
 In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,  
 Against the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight  
 Of Treasonous Mallice.

*Macd.* And so doe I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,  
 And meet it in 'Hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

*Exeunt.*

Let's not comfort with them :

To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office

Which the false man do's easie.

Ile to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I :

Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer :  
 Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles ;  
 The meere in blood, the neerer bloody.

*Mal.* This murtherous Shaft that's shot,  
 Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way,  
 Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horfe,

And let vs not be daintie of leauc-taking,

But shift away : there's warrant in that Theft,

Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Ross, with an Old man.*

*Old man.* Threescore and ten I can remember well,  
 Within the Volume of which Time, I haue seene  
 Houres dreadfull, and things strange; but this fore Night  
 Hath trifled former knowings.

*Rosse.* Ha, good Father,

Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,  
 Threatens his bloody Stage : byth' Clock 'tis Day,  
 And yet darke Night strangles the traualing Lampe :

Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,  
 That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,

When liuing Light should kisse it?

*Old man.* 'Tis vnnaturall,

Even like the deed that's done : On Tuesday last,

A Faulcon trowing in her pride of place,

Was by a Mowling Owle hawk'd at, and kill'd.

*Rosse.* And *Duncans* Horses,

(A thing most strange, and certaine)

Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,

Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stails, along out,

Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would

Make Warre with Mankinde.

*Old man.* 'Tis said, they eate each other.

*Rosse.* They did so :

To

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

*Enter Macduffe.*

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.

How goes the world Sir, now?

*Macd.* Why see you not?

*Ross.* Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

*Macd.* Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

*Ross.* Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were stubborn,

*Malcolme*, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes

Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them

Suspition of the deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst Nature still,

Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauens vp

Thine owne liues meane : Then 'tis most like,

The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.

*Macd.* He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be inuested.

*Rosse.* Where is *Duncans* body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colmekill,

The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,

And Guardian of their Bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No Cosin, Ile to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu

Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.

*Rosse.* Farewell, Father.

*Old M.* Gods benyson go with you, and with those

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

*Exeunt omnes*

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Banquo.*

*Banq.* Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare

Thou play'd'st most fowly for't : yet it was laide

It should not stand in thy Posterity,

But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father

Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,

As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,

Why by the verities on thee made good,

May they not be my Oracles as well,

And let me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

*Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,  
 Ross, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Heere's our chiefe Guest.

*La.* If he had bene forgotten,

It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,

And all thing vnbecomming.

*Macb.* To night we hold a solemne Supper fir,

And Ile request your presence.

*Banq.* Let your Highnesse

Command vpon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie

For euer knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoone?

*Ban.* I, my good Lord.

*Macb.* We should haue else desir'd your good aduice

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